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OR  
POLITE REPOSITORY  
OF  
**MUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.**

VOL. II.

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NO. 22.

### Robert the Brave.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE knights had now arrived.—The count of Toulouse, to render more resplendent the reception which he wished to give the countess, had assembled all the ladies of his court. The vivacity, graces, youth, and beauty of the greater number excited admiration still more than the elegance and richness of their ornaments; but all their charms seemed to vanish before those of Adela, simply attired as she was in a mourning habit. She had been unable to refuse the earnest request of the count of Toulouse, that she would be present at the reception of the countess.

Raymond, in the hope that Elvige would accompany her, had taken care to inform Adela, that he greatly interested himself in favour of this charming young lady; but faithful to his secret, he did not tell her that Elvige was the sister of Robert: this title, however, was the most powerful of all to obtain her love: for she had learn-

ed from the count of Toulouse the great sacrifices which Robert had made for her, and remarking with what careful delicacy he avoided every thing which might remind her of them, gratitude and admiration every day increased the sentiments which she could not but feel in his favour.

When the countess appeared, the count of Toulouse received her with the greatest respect, and presented her himself to the ladies and knights of his court. Afterwards, approaching Elvige, who remained at a respectful distance, he said to her in a tone expressive of the utmost kindness: 'I have heard of the bravery of your father; I know in what manner he sacrificed his life; and I request the count to permit me to unite myself to him, in supplying the place of a father to you. Charming Adela! added he, turning towards her, 'Elvige deserves to interest every heart: I request your kindness and friendship for this new companion.'

The count manifested some surprise at seeing so great a prince address, in so flattering a manner, a simple dam-

act of honour. The countess only felt the liveliest joy ; and the beautiful Adela, perceiving the embarrassment of Elvige, whose cheeks were overspread with a deep blush, came up to her, tenderly embraced her, and assured her that she should ever love her as a sister.

The count, having fulfilled every duty which he owed to his sovereign, expressed an earnest wish to be made acquainted with his deliverer, that he might testify to him his gratitude.

‘He waits, before he makes his appearance,’ said the count of Toulouse, in reply, ‘the moment when the knights and yourself shall have determined the reward he has merited. It is to hear the recital of his achievements, and to judge of them, that I have assembled you at my court. I cannot doubt of the happiness you will feel, in showing yourself just and generous towards him from whom you have received such signal service.’

Raymond, not wishing to defer a ceremony in which he so greatly interested himself, appointed the next day for the knights to meet and give their opinions. When the hour appointed had arrived, the prince, arrayed in all the insignia of his power, ascended his throne, placed the count on his right hand, and the knights habited in their robes of ermine, took their seats.

The count of Toulouse then thus addressed them : ‘Illustrious and valiant knights ! as sovereign, I possess the right of granting honours to those who appear to me deserving of them : and I am accountable for my actions to Heaven alone. But whatever may be the extent of my power, justice is

my first duty, and my favour is not sufficient to bestow fame on him who has not acquired it by his actions. I have called you together to consult you. You are the judges of honour and of courage ; I wish, therefore, to take your opinion, that I may be assured that glory itself will confirm the rewards which I mean to bestow.

‘Two unknown warriors presented themselves at my court, to offer me their services. They had already acquired the support of a brave and brilliant action ; their armour, their appearance, their language, their dexterity in the exercises of knights warrant a belief that their birth is illustrious. They have required, however, to be permitted to conceal their names, as they are resolved to accept no other honours than those which shall be adjudged due to their valour. I have made use of their arms and of their courage ; their services have exceeded my expectation. I owe them rewards ; but, faithful to my word, I wish to prove to them my gratitude, by fulfilling the conditions which they have prescribed to me. I will not compel them to declare whether their birth is illustrious or obscure. Hear the recital of their actions, and say whether you find them worthy to be raised to your rank.’

The count of Toulouse here concluded his address, and a herald at arms recited with a loud voice the numerous achievements by which the two strangers had covered themselves with glory. When he had ended, Raymond, addressing himself to the count, requested him to give his opinion.

The mind of the count was at this moment occupied by a variety of thoughts

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The last action, that of his deliverance related by the herald, excited all his gratitude, by reminding him of the danger from which the valour of the two friends had preserved him. He could not long remain undetermined, since the question was to recompense his deliverer. Other sentiments, more powerful and more tender, likewise came in aid to influence his judgment. He began to think that he might be attached to the two strangers by connexions dear to his heart. Their concealment of their names ; the extraordinary manner in which one of them seemed to fly him at the moment he had saved his life ; the fragment of his shield, which he had shown him at the moment he left him : the reception, so honourable and so little expected, which the count of Toulouse had given Elvige ; and, still more, the desire, the hope, of finding again a son whom he so deeply regretted, and to find him covered with laurels ; all united to inspire the count with a wish to ask several questions that might satisfy his doubts ; but, convinced that it would be in vain to attempt to penetrate this mystery, he thought only of giving an opinion which should be at once agreeable to justice, gratitude, and the secret wishes of his heart.

‘ We ought,’ said he, ‘ to be satisfied with judging from the narrative we have heard. It was by performing similar actions that our ancestors rendered their names illustrious. The fame of their glory is the most noble inheritance that they have transmitted to their descendants, and the honours we now enjoy are only the tribute that gratitude acknowledges to be due to

their heroism and their virtues.—Let us prove to the world that it is only necessary to imitate them to obtain the same reward. We have not a right to raise the veil with which the two strangers have chosen to cover themselves ; let them conceal their birth and their names : we shall participate in the glory they have acquired by raising them to our own rank.’

It was with transport that the count of Toulouse heard this suffrage. It was dictated by motives so noble, that all the knights adopted it, and resolved that the two unknown warriors should be armed knights, without being required to disclose their birth or real names.

The generous Raymond did not lose a moment before he sent to inform the two friends of the triumph they had obtained. When they received this intelligence, they found themselves revived by a dawn of hope ; but there still remained many obstacles to be removed to relieve them entirely from the pains of uncertainty. On the following day, in the presence of all they held dear, they were either to see their wishes fully accomplished, or to become the prey of the most cruel grief and despair.

While they were exerting all their efforts to repel their fears, without daring to believe in the possibility of their happiness ; while they at once complained of the tardiness of time, and dreaded its speed, the count de L\*\*\*\*, restrained by the doubts which he could not elucidate, confined himself to the forming of a secret wish that he might again find his son, at the same time carefully concealing what passed in his heart, through fear of



augmenting the painful feelings of the countess by inducing her to conceive a hope which there was so little certainty would ever be realized. He had seen her tremble with anxiety when she learned that two strangers, who had acquired signal glory, were the next day to receive the reward of their noble labours; she had, indeed, not been able to refrain from exclaiming, in the presence of the count, 'Where is my son?' and, after this afflicting question, abruptly quitted the room, and retired to shed tears on the bosom of Elvige. A kind of presentiment, which she could not divine, agitated her so strongly, that she could not calm her mind but by repeating a thousand times questions concerning the fate of her son. Elvige, though she participated in her tender disquietude, concealed from her her own anxiety, and only returned such answers as tended to give her comfort, and encourage her hope.

The next day, as soon as the morning dawned, the shrill sound of the trumpet announced the festival that was preparing. The count of Toulouse had given all the necessary orders to render it as magnificent as possible. He had resolved that, during the first day, one only of the two candidates should be armed a knight. He appeared only to wish to prolong the resplendent entertainment: but his real design was to learn the effect which the sight of Robert would produce on the count. He wished also, at the same time, to prepare in some manner the heart of the countess for the happiness of again finding her son.

## THE REFORMED ROBBER.

(Concluded from our last.)

WITH astonishment they opened the door of the chapel, and with still greater astonishment, they beheld the father sitting all alone in the midst of it. "Where is the prisoner?" was very naturally the first question.

"The prisoner," calmly replied the ecclesiastic, "was either an angel or a devil; it is impossible he could be a man. While I was endeavouring, to the best of my ability, to bring him to a due sense of his guilt, he suddenly rose from the place, and ascended through that aperture. I looked after him, petrified with astonishment, unable to move a limb, or to utter a single word. It was not till you knocked that I regained the power to stir or speak."

The jailor and executioner would willingly have supposed that the father's intellects were deranged; but as the criminal was irrecoverably lost, they knew not whether to consider it as a miracle or a deception. Several of the villagers assembled; but after the most diligent search in every corner of the chapel, no trace of the criminal could be discovered. The executioner, who was the greatest loser by this accident, hastened to acquaint the officers of justice with the circumstance. They repaired to the spot, and to them the ecclesiastic repeated the same story as before. He added, that in no case was it his duty to act the part of keeper to a prisoner, and that he was almost convinced this reputed culprit was innocent; and solemnly swore that he went out at the aperture in the roof. The superstition

of the multitude led them to suspect sorcery ; and the father took no pains to refute this opinion. For a week together this adventure was the talk of the whole province, and nothing was then talked of in France for a longer period.

About fifteen years afterwards the father was obliged to take a journey to Languedoc, and, as it happened, just in the winter season. The purse of the ecclesiastic was subject to, no very heavy demands. When he did not chance to meet with good-natured travellers, who now and then gave him a lift in their carriages, he pursued his rout on foot. This was more frequently his fortune in Guienne ; and one day proceeding through a thick forest, he had the misfortune to lose his way. He spent nearly the whole afternoon in endeavouring to get out of the forest, instead of which he only advanced further into it. At length he perceived at a distance a man felling a tree, he went up to him and inquired the nearest road to Cahors.

"Your reverence," replied the rustic, after looking at him attentively for a moment, "has made a considerable circuit from it to the left. The nearest foot-path would take you five hours, and you would scarcely find the way without a guide. Where I in your place, I would seek a lodging for the night, and not think of proceeding further till morning."

"Your advice is very good, but where shall I find a lodging in this neighbourhood?"

"At my little farm-house, scarcely half-a-mile distant. Excuse me for a moment till I have finished felling this tree, and I will take you with me. You

will not find a grand, but a tolerable good lodging, and to-morrow you shall have a horse and guide to Cahors."

This was an agreeable proposal, which father Raphael wanted no pressing to accept, for he was excessively fatigued and hungry. He was also pleased with the friendly tone of the countryman, who made as much haste as he could in felling the tree, and having soon finished, set off with our traveller. They presently reached a pretty farm house ; a young, handsome woman seemed to be waiting at the gate of the farm yard for her husband, and advanced a little way to meet him, with a boy in her arms, and a little girl skipping behind her. The ecclesiastic, who was introduced to her as a guest who would pass the night with them, she also received with great civility. After they had warmed themselves a little at the fire, the peasant called his wife aside, and returning in a few minutes, said, with a certain joyful haste ;—"No Margaret, I am not mistaken—It is he. Come, fall down with me, and let us thankfully embrace the knees of him who was once my tutelary angel!"—They did so, to the no small surprize of the worthy father, who was at a total loss to conceive the meaning of these honest people. He wanted to raise them up, and would have asked the reason of this procedure, when his host exclaimed : "Reverend Sir, look at me more attentively. Perhaps some feature or other may yet remind you of that unhappy wretch who, without your assistance, would long since have been the food of ravens, who was saved by your almost more than human benevolence, and who now blesses Providence for the

opportunity of once more seeing and thanking you ; an opportunity which he has numberless times desired, but never ventured to hope for."

The astonishment of the father deprived him for a considerable time of utterance ; but he would not rest till the husband and wife had risen, and then he began to make further inquiries. The narrative of his host was to the following effect :—

"After leaping from the roof of the chapel, I got away unperceived. Impelled by the fear of death, I proceeded seven leagues without food of any kind. I then continued my route, subsisting on the alms which I obtained. Often, indeed, was I reduced to the greatest necessity, but firmly adhered to my resolution never to steal again. Once or twice opportunities which had occurred by the way tempted, but did not seduce me. In continual apprehension of being discovered, I kept wandering southward, till one evening I came to the door of this house, and asked charity of the owner himself.—The latter sharply reprov'd me, asking how a man so young and strong as I was, could chuse rather to beg than to work ; and when I, out of shame replied, that I was actually seeking work, he offered to give me employment during the approaching harvest. I accepted the offer, and continuing in his service after the harvest was over, soon became a favorite with my master, and soon afterwards, in secret—which, to be sure, requires excuse—with his youngest daughter. Both of us supposed that the father would not willingly give his daughter to a poor run-away servant ; but that love is not to be deterred by such suppositions, is

well known. When the father had discovered, rather too late, this mutual attachment, he was excessively angry for several days, threatening to lock up his daughter, and to discharge me, but at length he yielded to paternal affection and necessity. Scarcely a month after our marriage, my wife became, by the death of her elder sister, sole heiress to her father, and two years afterwards she came into the actual possession of this farm. That I strive as much as possible to repay this woman, who constitutes all my happiness, and yet loves me with all her heart, she will herself attest. She is herself acquainted with my history, but not a soul besides her."

A father can scarcely hear of the deliverance of his only son from death with greater pleasure than father Raphael listened to this account.

He remained two days with this truly happy pair, and on the third morning, when he was obliged to continue his journey, they loaded him with thanks and presents.

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For the New-York Weekly Museum.

—CORSETS.—

As the Museum is a vehicle of communication to the beautiful, adorned, and admired females of New-York, the metropolis of the Country, and centre of our fashionable *beau-monde*, thro it, we embrace the opportunity of addressing our dearly beloved, and tender half of the human family, on the injury and impropriety of wearing any thing that is prejudicial to health, and a sound constitution.

Throughout the natural world, the eye of the philosopher sees beauties in its various parts, that surpasses the greatest glory of King Solomon in his splendour. Plants, lilies, flowers of various kinds and of exquisite



formation; taste and beauty, amaze, astonish; and delight the eye of the botanist.—Beautiful are the works of God, in every part of his creation! In wisdom hath he made them all. They are as various as beautiful. Art tho' ever so exquisitely and excellently executed, is but an eclipse of her work, and a shadow of her substance.—Mankind are more beautiful than the flowers of plants, or the elegance of the beasts and birds.—His eyes are far more beautiful than diamonds, however wrought and polished; the pictures of the greatest painters, and of the best sculptors are but the surface and shadow of his beauty and figure.—The eye is not fatigued in seeing them a continual uniformity of the same appearance; and tho' ten thousand were examined very few would be exactly similar in size, figure, & formation.

If art is no farther excellent and beautiful, than as it imitates nature, my dear, tender, and admired sex, would it not be great wisdom in you, not to impede or disturb the beautiful and wise conduct of the architect of every creature and thing; lest you mar his creation, and disfigure his work, order, and variety.—And if we infringe on his operations, may we not expect to be chastised for our officious presumption and folly?

Think therefore, on the impropriety of doing violence to your nature, beauty and shape, by squeezing the ribs, lungs, heart, and stomach in stays, corsets, or braces, &c. To press every foot to one size, as women have done in the east, or every body into one form, as women do here, is to destroy the beautiful order, symmetry of parts, and variety of elegance in the work of infinite beauty. Painters affirm that there is such a symmetry in the human form, that the alteration of one feature, will require a correspondent alteration in other parts; or, it will, otherwise, appear deformed, or monstrous. When, therefore, you forcibly alter any part of your figure, you do not only injure your health and constitution but you become deformed and mishapen. In this way fashion is a deformity of taste, because it produces deformity in the natural shape.

What is just said of the natural part of mankind, is just as applicable to the moral faculty

and to the divine one in the soul of man.—The fashion of making all men pretty much one way in moral and religious sentiment is doing to our moral and religious substances, something similar to what is done to our natural body.

But we omit saying any more on moral and religious fashions of faith and sentiment; to resume the first subject; because we have made the human body, and its diseases the subject of our studies and practice; and have to lament the ill consequences that follow the injuries done to the natural part of man, by the general follies and vicious fashions of the children of sensuality.

Corsets which are now in fashion are seriously injurious to beauty, health, and life; three very important matters and three great blessings. The anatomy of the chest, evidences, that the vital organs of the heart and lungs, blood and breath, are within this cavity: that the lungs and ribs are much wider below than above, so as to resemble a cone; and that the liver, stomach and spleen, lie within the short ribs. Now, consider, how corsets, as well as stays, must press, and debilitate, and impede the proper functions of all these organs within the ribs. Respiration; circulation of the blood and spirits; digestion, &c. must all suffer with their organs. An impeded respiration prevents the free return of blood from the brain, and so endangers the person to convulsions apoplexies, nose bleeding, &c. The compression, and plethora of the lungs, produce bleeding of the lungs, asthma, consumption, dropsy of the breast and of the heart, &c.—The injury of digestion, produces a host of complaints in different persons, as indigestion, heart-burn, debility, liver complaints, splenic complaints, &c.—But excuse us for pointing out another more delicate injury to the female body: and which our love to your health and happiness induces us to mention, contrary to the delicacy of our nature. It is this; the unnatural pressure of corsets on the breast, forcing them up to an unnatural and unpleasant height, occasions that part which emits the nutritious fluid into the mouth of the infant offspring, to remain so compressed and small for want of room to grow in

the season of its growth, that when women become mothers, the children are unable to suck, and mothers deprived of the pleasure of suckling, while they are lamenting under inflammations and abscesses of that organ. Schirrus, and cancer sometimes follow, affecting this organ, and one with which it has an intimate sympathy; where no knife can be used, and no cure expected.

PHYSICIANS.

FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS SPY.

#### THE LOUNGER.

I have accidentally become possessed of a curious manuscript book of travels. A chief of a tribe of Indians who inhabited between the Lake of the Woods and the Western Ocean, from motives of curiosity, and a desire to promote the good of his people, spent a number of months, a few years ago, in passing through this part of our country. After his return, he assembled the other sachems of his tribe, and at different times gave them an account of his tour, which was written down by a white man, who had resided for some time among them, and learned their language. Zecumulo-see, (long-foot) which is the name of the tawny traveller, appears to be a man of much intelligence, and to have observed our customs and manners very attentively, though he laboured under a great disadvantage in being entirely ignorant of our language — I can only at present give a few extracts from this interesting manuscript.

“The first thing in their habits of living which particularly struck me, was the great variety of tribes (kinds) of people, which are all mixed together among them. There is one tribe constantly employed in making iron implements for the rest; (McKenzie,

in his account of the nations of India, to which this chief belongs, says they are acquainted with iron, and have horses among them) “another makes shoes for the nation; another builds houses; another cures those who are sick; and one tribe even make it their business to crop their hair and shave off the beards of the others. You will doubtless wonder how they live in this way, as making shoes, or smoothing faces, will not raise corn for the operator, nor hunt down a moose for his supper. They supply this defect in their system thus. Each receives for his services from the rest their round pieces of iron of different colours, and bits of smooth inside bark of a tree, curiously spotted in the same manner as our white man spots his snow coloured bark with black water. These useless toys they have agreed to exchange for all other commodities; and if one should refuse to take them in return for his corn and tame deer, he would probably lose his life for his obstinacy. I once saw a white man give away a beautiful horse for two bits of yellow iron and one strip of brown bark. I am persuaded, that with as much of this last precious commodity as I could compress within both my hands, I could have made my whole journey, without taking an arrow from my quiver, or relying at all on the charity of the inhabitants. As it was, I killed what small birds I could find, and for the rest, easily got what I wanted, by asking it by signs of the people. I often obtained pieces of brown iron, which were given me if I would with my arrow strike them off from a stick stuck into the ground at a little distance. But when I offered



one of them for a thin finely painted blanket, (probably a shawl) the owner laughed in my face.

"With regard to the religion of these people, I made the most attentive observations. I am convinced, from what I saw, that they have all of them some notions of a Great Spirit; though it is still a doubt with me whether the great body of them really believe in the agency of any superior being. In a few of the houses, I observed that the master of the family spoke for some time, while the rest stood up or kneeled down in silence, every morning and evening; and also said a few words in like manner, before and after eating, without looking at any particular object. I do not doubt these are devotional addresses to some invisible being. But I could not discover that the rest of the people (except the tribe of orators, which I shall presently notice) either performed these acts of worship, or invoked any deity before planting, or on commencing journies."

If Tecumlosee had understood our language, he would probably, from witnessing the manner in which the name of Deity is used among us, have reported to his countrymen, that white men universally mock at the notion of a Supreme Being.

"The women have a most unnatural influence among the white people.— They intrude into the company of the men at all times, without the least diffidence; eat at the same table; and are drawn about by horses in the same moveable houses. The men even prefer conversing with them to talking with each other.

One of their principal amusements is a kind of dull, still, regular dance,

which seems to be entered into only to please the females, who take an equal share in it. In these dances they move to very sweet musick, which they produce by drawing the string of a small bow across some other strings, attached to a polished hollow piece of wood nearly the size of our bark-shoes, (snow-shoes) and shaped much like the print of the bare foot in the snow, with the addition of a straight handle, running out from the smaller end. Another amusement I sometimes observed in the smaller villages, which strikingly shows the effeminacy of the men, and the influence of their females. This consists altogether in pressing the lips on the faces of the girls, with many trifling ceremonies; in which sport the young warriors (if they can be called such) often spend all the forepart of the evening.

The women neither cultivate the ground, nor gather the harvests, nor take care of the horses and tame deer. It is their business to cook the victuals, the manner of doing which and of eating I shall describe on another occasion, and to keep the clothes and houses clean; but many of the better sort are entirely useless, except to rear children. They are in general handsome, and all ranks pay much attention to adorning their persons. The garment worn outside consists of one piece, which is fitted close to the upper part of the body as far as the waist, round which it is drawn so tight that it would be impossible for them to breathe, if they were not gradually accustomed to it from infancy, and then flows loosely down to the ankles. This gives them resemblance to the wasp, whose body is nearly separated in the

middle. A bag neatly wove of the smallest cord, and exactly shaped to the part, is drawn over the foot, and some way up the leg ; how high I was never able to discover. They have shoes also, made of deer-skin with the hair off, and nicely blacked. They permit their hair to grow to a great length, but ridiculously twist it up in a knot on the top of the head, and fasten it there with beautifully variegated shells, made with long teeth. The men clip their hair close to the head behind, but suffer it to grow on the forehead, and turn it up perpendicularly from the head, to give themselves a bold and fierce appearance ; instead of which nothing can look more grotesque and ridiculous."

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## VARIETY.

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### HUMOUR.

The following is selected from that excellent paper, *The Gleaner*, printed at Wilkes-barre, Penn. in the County of Dauphin, among numerous candidates, who offer for the Sheriffalty are Melehoir *Rham*, Henry *Wolf* and Jacob *Bear* ; and last, of all, comes Andrew *Lion*, in the Dauphin Oracle, with the following advertisement.

*To the free and independent electors of Dauphin County.*

Gentlemen.—Not having the least encouragement from friends or strangers, I beg leave to come forward at this late hour and offer myself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff ; relying solely on my own merit, and particularly, as I see on the list of candidates, a *Bear*, a *Wolf*, and a *Ram*, with several other animals too tedious to enumerate. But as I consider myself a far superior animal to any of my opponents, and am pretty certain you

will be of my opinion when you become acquainted with the claims I have on your gratitude. I have been a revolutionary soldier, (and an officer if you please,) suffered hunger, toil and heat, fought many bloody battles, got honorable scars but little pay, and all this gentlemen, merely that you may vote freely on the day of election. Now I will tell you plainly how I shall discharge my duty, should I be so happy as to obtain a majority of your suffrages. 1st. If writs are put into my hands against any of you, I will take you if I can, and unless you can get bail, I will deliver you over to the keeper of the jail. 2d. If judgments are found against you, and executions directed to me, I will sell your property as the law directs without favor or affection, and if there should be any surplus money, I will punctually remit it. 3d and last, If any of you should commit a crime (which God forbid) that requires capital punishment according to law, I will hang you up by the neck till you are dead, dead, dead. Now gentlemen I hope you will not forget me on the day of election.—And sincerely wish you may keep out of my hands, should you honor me with the office of Sheriff.

Your fellow citizen to command,

ANDREW LION.

Middle Paxton, Aug. 28, 1815.

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### OUR OWN AFFAIRS.

An excellent rule for living happy in society, is never to concern one's self with the affairs of others, unless they desire it. Under pretence of being useful, people often shew more curiosity than kindness.

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Little wealth, little trouble.

## FAIR PUNING ON A FOWL AMOUR.

Lately, a Mrs. Chick, of Cock-lane (a lane celebrated in Ghost-annals) eloped with the son of a poulterer of note by the name of Henn. The cockney punsters, one and all, began to peck upon the incident, declaring it—fowl play in every point of view.

Too much familiarity debases a person in the view of his equals; too much reservedness exposes him to the displeasure of all.

## ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote of Sir Sidney Smith is related by a gentleman who attended him in Egypt: at that important moment, when the French were driven from the walls of Acre, the Pacha, in the first paroxysm of joy and surprise, exclaimed, "Sir Sidney Smith shall be King of Acre." That gallant officer, seizing the opportunity, claimed the fulfilment of his promise, by requiring the reins of Government for *one day only*. This request was granted, and Sir Sidney devoted that day to opening the prisons and liberating a number of unhappy victims of Turkish barbarity, who had long languished in those loathsome dungeons.

## THE IRISH AND ENGLISH ROADS

An Englishman asked an Irishman if the roads in Ireland were good. "Yes," said the Irishman, "so excellent, that I wonder you do not import some of them into England. We have the road to love strewn with roses; the road of matrimony through nettles; the road of honour through a duel; the road to the undertaker's through

the apothecary's shop." "Have you any road to preferment?" No," said the Irishman, "not now—that road, since the Union, is removed to England: you pass through it to the king's palace, and I am told it is the *dirtiest* road in Great-Britain."

## IDLENESS.

Idleness is the hot bed of temptation, the cradle of disease, and the canker worm of felicity. In a little time, to the man who has no employment, life will have no novelty, and when novelty is laid in the grave, the funeral of comfort will enter the church yard. From that moment it is the shade, and not the man who creeps along the path of mortality. On the contrary, what solid satisfaction does the man of diligence possess? What health on his countenance! What strength in his limbs! What vigor in his understanding! With what a zest does he relish the refreshments of the day! With what pleasure does he seek the bed of repose at night! It is not the accidental hardness of a pillow that can make him unhappy and rob him of sleep. He earns his maintenance, and he enjoys it. He has faithfully laboured in the day, and the slumbers of the night are a sweet retribution to him. To the diligent man every day is a little life, and every night is a little Heaven. The toil has been honest and the reward is sure.

## SIR JOHN CUTLER.

He was well known as a complete miser. He boasted that Providence had showed him peculiar favour, in causing his nativity on the 29th of February, so that he had but one birth-day to keep in four years.



## Seat of the Muses.

### THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

WHEN knowledge first opened her stores to  
my view,  
And the Trumpet of Fame echoed round,  
In vision I wove immortality's wreath,  
And thought that my name swelled the  
sound.

Already I heard the long echoes of praise  
Down the vale of futurity roll,  
And thought that no passion, like Glory  
could raise  
And refine and enlighten the soul.

Philosophy courted me soon to the shade,  
And shewed me her temple on high,  
While History offered eternity's crown,  
And told me I never should die.

The Goddess of Poetry bade me to choose  
What wreath from her shrine I would wear,  
And Eloquence promis'd the burst of ap-  
plause,  
And soft sensibility's tear.

I listened enraptured, in prospect I saw  
My fame spreading rapid on earth,  
It seemed like the day-star encircled in  
mist  
Which brightens and bursts into birth.

In visions of glory, thus manhood began,  
When suddenly rushed on my view  
A Virgin attended by Graces and Loves,  
And rob'd in celestial blue.

I gaz'd, in delight and astonishment lost,  
The echoes of Fame died away,  
The Temple of Glory seem'd crumbled to  
dust,  
And her laurels to droop and decay.

"Oh thou" I exclaimed, "if celestial thy  
Birth,  
"Shed the beams of thy favor on me,  
"But if thou art mortal, oh! teach me to  
love  
"And let me live only for thee.

"No smile of applause will I covet but thine,  
"No wreaths which thy hands have not  
wove,

"The circle of home be my temple of bliss,  
"And thou the bright goddess of love."

The Band at these words, dancing round in  
a ring,  
To Hymen, sang anthems of praise,  
With myrtle, the charmer encircled my  
brows  
Interwoven with laurels and bays.

One bay-leaf she gave me, and on it I read  
"The world of false glory despise—  
"Love, wisdom and virtue, the graces of  
home,  
"Are the children of heaven—Eternity's  
prize."

### RESIGNATION.

CELESTIAL maid! of placid mien,  
O design my humble cot to grace;  
With looks compos'd and brow serene,  
Come and each anxious thought displace:  
Teach me my wayward fate to bear,  
With mild obedience to its will;  
Life's varied ills submissive share,  
And bid the murmuring heart be still.  
And when "woes cluster," round my head,  
And Hope's last trembling gleam expires;  
When Comfort's soothing aid has fled,  
And Pleasure's magic form retires;  
Then, with thy meek, thy gentle sway,  
Instruct me how to meet the storm;  
Calmly to tread the devious way,  
Tho' lurid clouds the sky deform.  
Thou can'st repel Misfortune's dart,  
And point it harmless to the ground;  
Or blunt it ere it reach the heart,  
And ere it rankles, close the wound.  
Then come, thy friendly hand extend,  
And smooth the thorny path of woe,  
Check the repining sigh, and lend  
That inward peace thy smiles bestow.

### ON MARRIAGE.

HAPPY the man who finds a bride,  
In sprightly days of health and ease,  
Whose temper to his own ally'd,  
No knowledge knows but how to please.

A thousand sweets their days attend,  
A thousand comforts rise around,  
Here husband, parent, wife and friend,  
In every dearest sense is found.

Yet think not, man, 'midst sences so gay,  
That clouds and storms will never rise,  
A cloud may dim the brightest day,  
And storms disturb the calmest skies.

The light and shades and goods and ills,  
Thus finely blended in their fate,  
To sweet submission bow their wills,  
And make them happy in their state.

#### THE ROSES.

*Addressed to a friend, on the birth of his first Child.*

Two Roses, on one slender spray,  
In sweet communion grew,  
Together hail'd the morning ray,  
And drank the evening dew ;  
While sweetly wreath'd in mossy green,  
There sprang a little bud between.  
Thro' clouds and sunshine, storms and show-  
ers

They open'd into bloom,  
Mingled their foliage and their flowers,  
Their beauty and perfume ;  
While foster'd on its rising stem,  
The bud became a purple gem.

But soon, their summer splendor pass'd,  
They faded in the wind,  
Yet were those Roses, to the last,  
The loveliest of their kind,  
Whose crimson leaves, in falling round,  
Adorn'd and sanctified the ground.

When thus were all their honors shorn,  
The bud unfolding rose,  
And blush'd and brighten'd, as the morn  
From dawn to sunrise glows,  
Till o'er each parent's drooping head,  
The daughter's crowning glory spread.

My Friend! in youth's romantic prime,  
The golden age of man,  
Like these twin Roses spend your time,  
—Life's little, less'ning span ;  
Then be your breast as free from cares,  
Your hours as innocent as theirs.

And in the infant bud that blows  
In your incircling arms,  
Mark the dear promise of a rose,  
The pledge of future charms,

That o'er your withering hours shall shine,  
Fair, and more fair, as you decline ;—

Till, planted in that realm of rest,  
Where roses never die,  
Amidst the gardens of the blest,  
Beneath a stormless sky,  
You flower afresh, like Aaron's rod,  
That blossom'd at the sight of God.

#### "I'D RATHER BE EXCUS'D."

*By Mrs. Rowson.*

RETURNING from the Fair, one eve,  
Across yon verdant plain ;  
Young Harry said he'd see me home,  
A tight and comely swain.  
He begg'd I would a fairing take,  
And would not be refus'd ;  
Then ask'd a kiss—I blush'd, and cried,  
I'd rather be excus'd.

You're coy, said he, my pretty maid ;  
I mean no harm, I swear ;  
Long time I have in secret sigh'd,  
For you, my charming fair :  
But if my tenderness offends,  
And if my love's refus'd,  
I'll leave you.—What alone, said I,  
I'd rather be excus'd.

He press'd my hand and on we walk'd ;  
He warmly urg'd his suit ;  
But still to all he said, I was  
Most obstinately mute.  
At length got home, he angry cried,  
My passion is abus'd ;  
Then die a maid.—Indeed, said I,  
I'd rather be excus'd.

For the New-York, Weekly Museum.

#### CONSUMPTION.

CONSUMPTION! destroyer of the human  
form,  
Cruel is thy murthering sway o'er frail man,  
Who daily suffers pains, and torturing  
writhe,  
Inflicted by thy ruthless savage brow.  
At morn and eve he feels the hectic flush,  
Where it again reseats the well known spot,  
Where oft before it gave the reddened glow ;

In bold anticipation of his fate;  
 And then recedes the ghastly chilling blast,  
 The instinctive mirror of his certain doom,  
 And freely sports while its death-like wand,  
 Accompanied by that racking guttural  
 cough,  
 That rends almost the frail fabric of life,  
 And pours on the attentive ear a cadence  
 That pains the feelings of the human breast.  
 Day after day, the sufferer thinks, the morn  
 Approaching, sure must cause his final end;  
 But haggard death, sporting as it were,  
 With the victim of his relentless hand,  
 Seems pleas'd to lengthen still the galling  
 chain,  
 As if unconscious of the pain he gave.  
 But at last, life's meteor, faintly quivering  
 On the brow of time, totally takes flight,  
 And shades of Death fills the vacuity.

ROLLA.

## NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1815.

## Intelligence.

Captain Leslie, from Cuba, informs, that Carthage had surrendered to the Spanish forces under Gen. Morilla, without firing a gun.

A large number of the Spanish opposition, called Liberales, have been tried in Corunna, and sentenced to the galleys, or to heavy fines—*Bost. Cent.*

From the Eastward in particular, we continue to hear of the most terrible effects of the late storm, which commenced here on Thursday last. It appears to have done most damage at Newport, Providence, Boston, & other eastern places, on Saturday following: immense destruction has happened at these places to the shipping, wharves and stores near the water: nor has its ravages been less awful through many parts of the country—levelling forests, orchards, and buildings, and sweeping away by its accompanying torrents, many mills and bridges: and more melancholy to relate, we have accounts of many having perished by the sudden

rising of the waters. At Providence alone, the loss of property is estimated at Five Millions of dollars. The following account of the storm at Newport is from a paper of that place:

"It is our painful task to give an account of the most awful and calamitous storm which has ever occurred in this place, within the recollection of the oldest inhabitants, and it is believed has never been equalled since the first settlement of the town. It commenced on Saturday morning last, at about 9 o'clock, the wind blowing S.E. by S. and continued with unabated fury for about two hours and a half, when it happily in a great degree subsided.

"The damage sustained is incalculable; houses and out-buildings demolished or unroofed, chimnies thrown down, trees, fences, &c. laid prostrate, and ruin and desolation presenting itself in the most hideous forms. The top of the spire of Dr. Patten's meeting house was carried away; the top of the spire of the rev. Mr. Hitchcock's meeting house was also thrown down, the building partly unroofed, and several windows beat in; Trinity Church suffered, very considerably: part of the roof was torn off, several windows beat in, and the spire so much shattered, that great apprehensions were entertained of its falling.

During this tremendous gale the tide rose, about 4½ feet higher than it was ever known in this town, about eight feet above the usual tides. To this is owing the great destruction of property on the wharves, and lots contiguous to the water.

But the most awful dispensation of Divine Providence was evinced in the calamity which befel Mr. Andrew V. Allen; his amiable wife, three lovely children, and a very promising young girl, Abigail Spooner, aged 14, who resided in the family, were swept into the flood, without the power of man to save them! If it could add any thing to the distress of the disconsolate survivor, he has besides lost the whole of his property.



After the storm, the military were ordered out to protect the scattered property from plunder.

So great and general has been the devastation, that it is found impossible to give a correct account of all the damage. The following was collected from the best information we could obtain—in addition to which, many barns, &c. have been blown down and injured, in various parts of the town."

The late count Rumford, though he had been for many years absent from his native country and received distinguished honors in the service of foreign powers always recollected the land of his birth with affection. A very strong proof of this he has given in his last will, a copy of which was brought out to this country by Mr. William Crawford, late ambassador in France. By this will count Rumford has made a donation to the Cambridge University, of immediate incomes and reversions, the capital of which it has been supposed may amount to between thirty and forty thousand dollars. The corporation are taking steps to secure these bequests. The object of this gift, as stated in the will "is to found a professorship, to teach by a regular course of lectures, the utility of the mathematical and physical sciences for the melioration of the useful arts, and for the extension of the industry, the prosperity and happiness of society.—*North-American Journal.*

Last week, at Yonkers, Westchester County, Mr. Peter Underhill, put a period to his existence by shooting himself.

The coroner was called on Tuesday last to hold an inquest on the body of William Wilson, a shoemaker of New-York, who shot himself on Monday, by discharging a gun) tied with a handkerchief to a tree) by a string fastening the trigger to his toe. The shot penetrated his breast, and he must have died instantly. He was in the prime of life, and this act was supposed to be occasioned by connubial infidelity.

## Nuptial.

### MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Whelpley, Mr. James C. Faulkner, Merchant, to Miss Maria Waldron, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. M'Leod, Mr. Daniel Dean, of Greensburg, to Miss Mary Fenier.

By the rev. Mr. Maclay, Mr. Isaac C. Loper, to Miss Mary Farrington.

By the same, Mr. Lewis Webster, to Mrs. Ann Stillwell, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Perine, Mr. Ephraim D. Whitlock, to Miss Mary Gertrude Morris, all of this city.

By the rev. John Williams, Mr. William J. Mollan, to Miss Mary M. Finegan.

By the rev. Mr. Maclay, Mr. James Van Alen, Jun. of this City, merchant, to Miss Trumbull, of Norwich, Con.

By the rev. Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Thomas I Pye, Junr. to Miss Sarah Clifford, both of this city.

At Skaneateles, Onondago county, Mr. William H. Priest, to Miss Eliza M. Weller, both of this city.

## Obituary.

The city Inspector reports the death of 45 persons, during the week ending on the 23d inst.—of whom 7 were men, 9 women, 11 boys, and 18 girls,

### DIED,

In consequence of a deranged mind, with which he had been long afflicted, Mr. Roderick M'Leod, in the 45th year of his age.

Also, Mr. William Hopkins.

Mr. Robert Curtis, aged 46.

Suddenly, Mr. Richard Brown, formerly a ship-master out of this port.

Mr. Samuel I. Strang, merchant, aged 32.

Mrs. Mary Mead, wife of Mr. Isaac Mead, aged 83.

Mr. Paul Micheau, lately from Staten Isd

Mr. John Seward, pilot, aged 37.

Mrs. Rebecca Chadwick.

At Mount-Pleasant, Mr. Richard Rockwell, aged 35 years.

## THE WIDOWER'S SOLILOQUY.

It is unreasonable and impious to grieve immoderately for the dead. A decent and proper tribute of tears and sorrow, humanity requires ; but when *that* duty has been paid, we must remember, that to lament a dead woman is not to lament a wife. A wife must be a living woman. The wife we lose by death is no more than a sad and empty object formed by the imagination : to be still devoted to her, is to be in love with an idea. It is a mere chimerical passion, as the deceased has no more to do with this world, than if she had existed before the flood. As we cannot restore what nature has destroyed, it is foolish to be faithful to affliction. Nor is this all—If the woman we marry has the seven qualifications, which every man would wish to find in a wife ; beauty, discretion, sweetness of temper, a sprightly wit, fertility, wealth, and noble extraction ; yet death's snatching so amiable a wife from our arms, can be no reason for our accusing fate of cruelty, that is, Providence of injustice ; nor can it authorize us to sink into insensibility, and neglect the duties and business of life. This wife was born to die, and we receive her under the condition of mortality ; she is lent but for a term, the limits of which we are not made acquainted with ; and when this term is expired, there can be no injustice in taking her back ; nor are we to indulge the transports of grief to distraction, but should look for another with the seven qualifications ; as it is not good for man to be alone, and as he is, by the Abrahamic covenant, bound to carry on the succession, in a regular way, if it be in his power.—

Nor is this all—If the woman, adorned with every natural and acquired excellence, is translated from this gloomy planet to some better world, to be a sharer of the Divine favour, in that peaceful and happy state which God hath prepared for the virtuous and faithful, must it not be senseless for me to indulge myself in melancholy, & continue a mourner on her account, while she is breathing the balmy air of Paradise, enjoying a full and radiant Vision, and beyond description happy !

## HARVEST MOON.

The Moon rises on an average of time, three quarters of an hour later every day : but during the full Moon in September, the difference for several evenings is not more than 15 or 20 minutes. This phenomenon happening at the time of gathering the autumnal fruits, is called the *Harvest Moon*. Thus, by a wise law of Providence, the husbandman is furnished with an extra quantity of light, so necessary at this busy season of the year ; which commencing so soon after twilight, causes but little interruption to his labours. In the polar circles where it is said there are six months of night, the full moon never rises in summer, when she is not wanted, nor ever sets in winter when her light is so much required. The Harvest Moon, tho' sometimes clouded by equinoctial storms, is proverbially the pleasantest in the year.

## NEEDLES.

A FRESH supply just received and for sale by.

A. & F. OGSBURY,  
No. 77 William-Street.  
(St.)

Sept. 23.